

EMBELLISHED QUARTERLY, WITH A HANDSOME ENGRAVING.

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POPULAR TALES.

THE MERCHANT'S DAUGHTER.

BY W. H. HARRISON.

Alvarez de Rameiro was the son of a Portuguese marquis by an English lady of great beauty and considerable fortune. The match was particularly obnoxious to the family of the nobleman; and Alvarez, at the death of his mother, found himself heir to her English estates and to the cordial dislike of his Portuguese relations; but he was of a light heart and free spirit, and found an antidote to their coldness and neglect in his contempt for their opinion. It naturally followed however, that he was often, as much 'upon compulsion' as from choice, left to the society of his own reflections, which, as he possessed a tolerably well stored mind and a clear conscience, were very endurable company.

In one of the solitary rambles, in which it was his wont to indulge, he found himself in the vicinity of the pleasure grounds attached to a villa within a league of Lisbon, the country residence of a British merchant. As he approached the garden, which was separated from the road by a deep moat, he perceived walking on a slight elevation or terrace a young lady whose form and countenance were so entirely to his taste, that his eyes followed her with an earnestness which, had she observed it, might not have impressed her with a very favourable notion of his good manners. Whether he was desirous of quenching the incipient flame in his bosom, by rushing into the opposite element, or of arriving at his object by the shortest possible cut (overlooking in his haste the parenthesis of the ditch,) it is neither possible nor essential for me to state; but certain it is, that the lady was roused from her meditations by the noise of a sudden plunge in the water, and, on turning round, she saw a portion of a mantle floating on the moat, and immediately the hapless owner floundering about, either ignorant of the art of swimming, or incapacitated for efficient exertion by his cloak and appended finery.

The lady did not shriek out, for she knew that the gardener was deaf, and that her cries would not reach the mansion: she did not tear her hair—for unless she could make a rope of it, there had been little wisdom in that—but she did better; she seized a rake, and approaching as near to the moat as she could, literally hooked him into shallow water whence he was enabled to gain the terrace, where he stood before her dripping like a river-god and sputtering thanks and duck weed in great profusion. Never did human being present more equivocal appearance than did Alvarez on this occasion, covered as he was with mud and weeds. The damsel, at the sight of him, scrambling up the bank, was almost induced to exclaim with Trinculo, 'what have we here?—a man or a fish?' And indeed, until 'the creature found a tongue,' it would have been no easy task for Linnæus himself to determine the class of animals to which he belonged. No meeting between fair lady and gallant knight could, by possibility, be more un-romantic; nay, 'twas the most common-place thing conceivable; whatever may have been the cavalier's sensations, she did not fall in love with him; for her first impulse on seeing him safely landed was to laugh most incontinently; and love, as my friend the corporal hath it, is 'the most serious thing in life.'

'I pray you senora,' said Alvarez, as soon as he recovered himself, 'to accept my humblest apologies for intruding upon you so extraordinary an apparition.'

'Apparition!—nay senor, you are encumbered somewhat too pertinaciously, methinks, with the impurities of earth to be mistaken for any thing of the kind; unless you lay claim to the spiritual character on the score of your *intangibility*, which I have not the slightest inclination to dispute; and as for your apologies you had better render them to those unoffending fishes whose peaceful retreat you have so uncerimoniously invaded; for you have raised a tempest where, to my certain knowledge, there has not been a ripple for these twelve months.'

'Indeed fair lady, I owe them no apologies since but for you I had been their food. Yon moat, although not wide enough to swim in possesses marvellous facilities for drowning.'

At this instant the merchant himself entered the grounds, and approached the scene of the interview. His daughter immediately introduced her unbidden guest. 'Allow me, my dear papa, to present to you a gentleman who brings with him the latest intelligence from the moat. Behold him dripping with his credentials, and the bearer of a specimen of the soil and a few aquatic plants peculiar to the region he has explored, and of which, having landed on your territories he politely requests you to relieve him.'

'You are a saucy jade,' said the merchant, 'and, but that I know your freaks ever stop short of actual mischief, I could almost suspect you of having pushed him in.'

'Nay papa that could not be; we were on opposite sides of the moat.'

'You forget lady,' rejoined the cavalier, who began to recover his spirits, 'that attraction is often as powerful an agent as repulsion, and that therefore your father's conjecture as to the cause of my misfortune may not be altogether groundless.'

'I beseech you, senor,' said the daughter, 'to reserve your compliments for your next visit to the Naiads of the moat, to whom they are most justly due, and cannot fail to be acceptable from a gentleman of your amphibious propensities. I hope our domestics will be careful in divesting you of that plaster of mud; I should like the cast amazingly.'

During this colloquy the party approached the mansion, where Alvarez was accommodated with a temporary change of attire; and it is certain that if the damsel was not captivated by his first appearance, her heart was still less in danger when she beheld him encased in her father's habiliments—'a world too wide' for him—the merchant being somewhat of the stoutest, while the fair proportions of his guest were not encumbered with any exuberance of flesh.

Thus originated the acquaintance of Mr. Wentworth and his fair daughter with the most gallant of all Portuguese cavaliers, Alvarez de Rameiro; an acquaintance which, as their amiable qualities mutually developed themselves, ripened into friendship. Alvarez exhibited a frankness of manner which never bordered upon rudeness and equally remote from assurance; while the liberality of his opinions indicated an elevation of mind that the bigotry amid which he had been educated had not been able to overthrow. These qualities well accorded with the straight forward disposition of the Englishman who probably found them scarce in Lisbon, and rendered the society of the young foreigner more than ordinarily agreeable to him.

It happened, one afternoon in the summer, that the merchant and Alvarez were enjoying their glass of wine and cigar, while Mary

Wentworth was attending to some plants in a grass-plot before the window. Mr. Wentworth had told his last story, which was rather of the longest; but as his notions of hospitality, in furnishing his table, including conversation as well as reflection, he made a point of keeping it up, and with this general object rather than any particular one—for he had great simplicity of heart—he filled his glass, and, passing the decanter to his guest, resumed the conversation; 'It has occurred to me, Alvarez, that your attentions to my Mary have been somewhat pointed of late—fill your glass man and don't keep your hand on the bottle; it heats the wine.'

'Then sir my conduct has not belied my feelings; for I certainly do experience much gratification in Miss Wentworth society, and her father is the last person from whom I should desire to conceal it.'

'Then have the goodness to push the cigar dish a little nearer for mine is out.'

'I hope sir, that my attentions to your daughter have not been offensive to her?'

'I am sure I don't know, for I never asked her.'

'Nor to yourself I trust?'

'No, or you would not have had so many opportunities of paying them.'

'They have occasioned you no anxiety or uneasiness, then, sir?'

'Nay your honour is my warrant against that, and I have the collateral security of her prudence.'

'May I, then, without offence, inquire whither your observations tend, and why you have introduced the subject?'

'In the first instance, simply for want of something else to talk about; but now we are upon the subject, it may be as well to know your views in paying the attentions to which I have referred.'

'When I tell you honestly that I love your daughter, you will not with the confidence you are pleased to place in my honour, have any difficulty in guessing them.'

'Guessing is not my forte, and therefore I have hated riddles; they puzzle the understanding without improving it. Speak out.'

'Why sir with your sanction, to make her my wife.'

'Then you will do a very foolish thing; that is, always supposing that my daughter has no objection to your scheme; and we, both of us, appear to have left her pretty much out of the argument. Pray is she aware at all of the preference with which you are pleased to honour her?'

'I have never told her, because I know not how she would receive the declaration; and I prize your daughter's good opinion too dearly to desire to look like a simpleton before her.'

'Well, there's some sense in that. By the way, Alvarez, without any particular reference to the subject we are discussing, let me exhort

you, whenever you make a declaration of your love to a woman, never do it upon your knees.'

'Why not sir?'

'Because it is the most inconvenient position possible for marching off the field; and in the event of a repulse the sooner a man quits it the better.'

'But, sir, I maintain, and I speak it under favour, and with all deference to the sex, that the man who exposes himself to the humiliation of a refusal richly merits it.'

'As how?'

'Because he must be blind, if he cannot, within a reasonable period, find out whether his suit be acceptable or not, and a fool if he declares himself before.'

'You think so, do you? Then be so good as to push over that plate of olives; and, as I said before, in reference to your matrimonial project, I think it a very foolish one.'

'In what respect, sir, may I ask?'

'In the first place, it is the custom in England for a man and his wife to go to Church together; and you were born a Catholic.'

'Only half a one, sir; my mother was a Protestant.'

'And a heretic.'

'No sir; my sainted mother was a Christian.'

'You do not mean to call yourself a Protestant?'

'I do, indeed, sir.'

'Then, let me tell you that your religion is the most unfashionable in all Lisbon, and somewhat dangerous withal.'

'Have you found it so?'

'Nay; I am of a country which is given to resent as a nation an injury done to an individual member of it; and as a British fleet in the bay of Lisbon would not be the most agreeable sight to the good folk of this Catholic city, I presume I may profess what religion I please, without incurring any personal risk; but you have no such safeguard; and, although my daughter might have no great objection to your goodly person as it is, she might not relish it served up as a grill, according to the approved method, in this most orthodox country, of freeing the spirit from its earthly impurities.'

'You talk very coolly, my dear sir, upon a rather warm subject; but I assure you I am under no apprehensions on that score.'

'Well, admitting that you are justified in considering yourself safe, do you think that an alliance with the daughter of a merchant, and a foreigner, would be otherwise than obnoxious to your family?'

'Why as to that, my affectionate brothers-in-law, not reckoning upon the pleasure of my society in the next world, have not been at much pains to cultivate it in this; and therefore I apprehend I am not bound to consult their wishes in the matter.'

The conversation was here interrupted by

the entrance of Miss Wentworth, and the subject was of course changed.

The explanation which had taken place between the merchant and Alvarez was followed by an equally good understanding between the latter and the young lady; and it was finally arranged among them that Mr. Wentworth, who had been eminently successful in his commercial pursuits in Lisbon, should only remain to close his accounts, and convert his large property into bills and specie, for the purpose of remitting it to London, when the whole party, Alvarez himself having no ties to bind him to his own country, should embark for England, where the union of the young people was to take place.

But, alas! 'the course of true love never did run smooth;' and scarcely had the preliminary arrangements been completed, when the merchant was seized with an inflammatory fever which terminated in his death, leaving his daughter, who loved him to a degree of enthusiasm which such a parent might well inspire, overwhelmed with sorrow, a stranger in a foreign land, and without a friend in the world but Alvarez, whose ability to protect her fell infinitely short of his zeal and devotion to her service. Still however, he could comfort and advise with her; and she looked up to him with all that confiding affection which the noble qualities of his heart and the honorable tenor of his conduct, could not fail to create. But even he, her only stay, was shortly taken from her. The Holy Office, having gained information of their intention of quitting Lisbon with the property of the deceased merchant, availed itself of the pretext afforded by the religious professions of Alvarez to apprehend and confine him, as the most effectual means of delaying the embarkation relying on ulterior measures for obtaining possession of the wealth of their victims.

Mary Wentworth's was not a mind to sink supinely under misfortune, for she had much energy of character; but this last blow was enough to paralyze it all. She had no difficulty to guess at the object of the Holy Office, and she knew that if any measure could avail her in this emergency, it must speedily be adopted. But the power of the Inquisition was a fearful one to contend with. There was but one man in Lisbon who could aid her, and to him she was a stranger; yet to him she determined to appeal.

(Concluded in our next.)

For the Rural Repository.

THE RESERVOIR OF OBLIVION.

In a very pensive mood, or state of mental indisposition to which every individual is more or less addicted, I found I had wandered to the entrance of a grove, which being my favourite retreat, I entered. Every obstruction caused by the falling of broken limbs had been removed and the production of the soil left to flourish in its native beauty. A meandering

rivulet was gurgling its music, as if to rival the feathery songsters which hopped from branch to branch of Nature's lofty bower, which she had formed by intertwining the foliage of the trees which grew upon the sides of the rivulet. I wandered on till I came to an alcove which a brother's taste had decked with a beautiful variety. I sunk upon the grass-grown seat, reclining my head against the trunk of a large tree that grew by its side, and unconsciously closed my eyes upon the scene to wander in the regions of fancy.—Shall I rehearse my dream?—Yes!—Then list and ye shall hear.

The Reservoir of Oblivion was open to my view. It was a motley store of good and evil thrown promiscuously together. The half, so numerous they were, I did not view. Much of good I saw, of genuine worth forgotten. There were myriad hopes which adverse winds had blighted in embryo. Various also were the ways and means by which they here were seen. I know the world is prone to blot the good man's deeds e'er Fame can once repeat them. (For know that Fame is a menial servant of man. What the majority of them would have her do, she does.) But why a holy God should suffer good to be forgotten while wickedness was praised as the height of virtue, I pondered to opine. But soon Truth whispered in my ear these words. 'To love of admiration the best of men are prone. When they have done the worthiest deed, should their worth be duly valued, the eulogies of men would quite unfit them for the path which leads to Heaven. All mortified desires are blessings in disguise which thou in Heaven shalt fully understand, and which will call from thee the deepest gratitude thy heart can feel. There thou wilt see the harmony of what thou now callest discord.'—I saw also parents' prospects shrouded in tears of bitter agony. Their hopes were centred in a child, which even in childhood far surpassed some of maturer years. In prospect they had seen him walking in the higher ranks of life; they saw in him the sound divine or statesman, and even fancied he would guide a nation's destiny. Nor was it all a parent's fondness, others saw and praised the lofty aspiring spirit of the youth. But lured by deadly influence, he sipped a drop or two from dissipation's cup. Need I tell the agony which probed the heart to view his utter ruin? In time he drank the dregs of dissipation up, and sunk from the vortex of disgrace, to the Reservoir of Oblivion. Sad proof that 'with the talents of an angel a man may be a fool.'—Other hopes, death had laid prostrate. The wicked laughed and said tauntingly, these parents trusted in their God; but did not know these were the means employed to guide them on to Heaven, that else they would have been too firmly linked to earth.—There was one, suffer me and I will briefly sketch her character. Think not the term a paradox or rather allow it, though applied to one crushed, sunk to earth's great

Reservoir. Among the favored ones she was a favorite. Accomplished to the height of grace and loveliness. Though if ye will subtract the haughty feeling which at long intervals curled her young lip, and ye will leave no blot upon a heart fraught with love to God and man. She loved with a fervency which was reciprocated by a youth of noble heart and mien. Hymen was twining a wreath to grace the brow of each, when Fortune with a frown upon her contracted brow, snatched from his hand the roses and with rude haste despoiled them; tossing their fragrance to the winds. The lovers did not see the ominous looks of Fortune in her freak. Their country's clarion sounded and in the fair one's breast responded to that which lit the lofty brow of her lover.—With the parting hour, came the parting anguish. Each knew their own heart too true to admit a thought of treachery; but the day of battle; Would he return graced with valour's laurels? or, distracting thought! would the steed of the survivor trample upon his gory bed? e'en leave the hoof-print on his marble brow!—The watch-word given—the cannon's roar—the clashing of the gleaming steel, each with the foeman's—bark!—the shout of victory!—'tis ours! raise high the notes of gladness.—But where was he whose nodding plume showed he that wore it fought desperately where the battle raged with the deadliest carnage. Amid the heaps of slain she made her too successful search.—Reason reeled, was dethroned.—The wandering maniac bore for a time the world's pity, then wore an angel's garb.—This is as a blank, compared with what I saw, or as a drop to ocean's mass of waters.—The moral came home to my heart.

A.

BIOGRAPHY.

SKETCHES OF BIOGRAPHY.

John Carver, first governor of Plymouth Colony, 1621, and distinguished for prudence, integrity, and firmness.

Jonathan Carver, born in Connecticut, a celebrated traveller; he penetrated the most interior parts of America, and died in 1780, in want of the necessities of life.

Thomas Cary, Lieutenant Governor of North Carolina, was removed from office, and afterwards sent to England for trial, for attempting to excite a rebellion, about 1709.

Samuel de Champlain, a Frenchman, sent on a voyage of discovery, by Henry IV. in 1602. He discovered the Lake which bears his name.

Charles Chauncey, L. L. D. was secretary of State, and afterwards a judge of the supreme Court of the state of Conn. and died 1822.

John Chester, a native of Wethersfield, Conn. a colonel in the American Army, distinguished himself at the battle of Bunker's Hill; died 1809.

Benjamin Chew, a native of Maryland, was chief judge of the Supreme court of Penn. and

afterwards judge of the high court of Appeals of that State. He died in 1810.

Thomas Chittenden, first governor of Vermont and president of the convention which formed the constitution of that State. He was a native of Connecticut and an illiterate man, but yet he possessed great natural talents and great private virtue. He died in 1797.

Benjamin Church was distinguished for his exploits in the Indian wars, in New-England, and commanded the party that killed the famous Philip. He died in 1718.

Thomas Clapp was President of Yale College, and one of the most profound scholars of his age. He published a history of Yale College, and conjectures upon meteors, and constructed the first Orrery or Planetarium in America. He died in 1767.

Mathew Clarkson, of New-York, born in 1758; he was a Major General in the revolutionary army, and particularly distinguished himself at the battle of Bridgewater. He subsequently held various public offices. His name is associated with those who fought and bled for American Independence, and in private life, with the most devoted virtues.

Josiah Clayton, was a governor of Delaware, and a member of the United States' Senate. He died in 1799.

Henry Clinton, a British General in the war of the revolution; was grand-son of the Earl of Lincoln, and became captain of the Guards in 1758. In 1778 he was appointed commander in chief in America; evacuated Philadelphia the same year; took Charlestown 1780 and returned to England in 1782. In 1795 he was made governor of Gibraltar, and died soon after.

Charles Clinton, a native of Ireland, emigrated early to New-York, where he maintained a high character for usefulness and respectability. He was the father of James and George Clinton; died in 1773.

James Clinton, was a Major general in the American army; distinguished himself as a brave and indefatigable officer in the wars of the French and Indians, and in the revolution was with Gen. Sullivan on his expedition to the Genesee Country; was for some time commander of the Northern Section of the Union, stationed at Albany, and was afterwards at the siege of Yorktown. He closed his military career by bidding an affectionate farewell to Washington at New-York, and retiring to private life. He died in 1812.

George Clinton was brother to James and an eminent Lawyer and member of Congress from New-York 1776. He was an active supporter of the Revolution, and of his country, and during the war he rendered essential service to the American arms. He was repeatedly chosen governor of New-York, and was elected Vice President of the United States in 1804. He died in 1812.

George Clinton, Admiral of the English Navy and governor of the colony of New-York

before the revolution; afterwards returned to England.

De Witt Clinton, son of Gen. James Clinton, was born in Orange county N. Y. 1769. In 1797 he was elected a member of the Legislature from the city of New-York, and soon after of the Senate. In 1802 he was chosen a member of the United States' Senate, and from 1803 to 1807 he was Mayor of the city of New-York. During this time he was, for nine months, in the Legislature, and member of the Council of Appointment. In 1811 he was elected Lieutenant Governor of the state of New-York and from that time till 1815 was again Mayor of the city of New-York. In 1817 he was appointed a Commissioner of Canals. In the same year he was elected Governor of the State of New-York almost without opposition, and was re-elected in 1824 and again in 1826. He died suddenly at Albany in 1828.

MISCELLANEOUS.

LOOK TO YOUR ACCOUNTS.

It is an old and vulgar, although a true saying, that 'there is as much in picking as there is in digging;' and the business world will so find it, if they have not already. It matters not how much business a man does if he be not regular in keeping his accounts. Mechanics and farmers are proverbial for their neglect in this particular. Many keep no account book at all; a piece of chalk and a pine board constitute their only materials of record; the whole labor of the year is trusted to them, liable to be totally lost by the slightest accident; or the credit sales of produce, to twenty or thirty people, have only this frail memorial to tell that they have taken place, and even those who pretend to keep account books do it but partially; they either depend upon the honesty of their neighbors, or upon their own memory, rather than perform the trifling labor which arises from a record on paper; or, having charged, they are dilatory in collecting. They either have a false delicacy which prevents them, or they are too indolent to dun others, while they are continually dunned themselves, and while their own claims, which might have been collected with a very little attention in due season, are becoming good for nothing. This want of attention, we may venture to say, has ruined as many mechanics as any one thing.—Their payments for labor and for stock are periodical and regular, while that of their customers is the reverse; they depend upon being paid without asking for it; they are disappointed and of course disappoint others—and their credit once gone they are ruined.

Every man, whether farmer mechanic or merchant, who has dealings with the world, ought to know how he stands in relation to it, and in order to do this, he should keep with precision, honesty and neatness, a set of account books. Contracts and bargains should

be recorded, and nothing should be bought or sold without having a place there. He should also have a system for the collection of what is due to him, as well as for the payment of what he owes. Fear of giving offence by asking the payment of just dues, should never be indulged for a moment.—The custom of one who is unwilling or unable to pay for what he has, is better lost than retained; and all should reflect that it is their duty to be honest before they are benevolent. Let every man take care of himself, and then every man will be taken care of; but when a man entrusts his pecuniary matters to the care of the public, he must make up his mind to starve.

LAUGHABLE MISTAKE.

A Physician in Vermont received a visit from his brother in Massachusetts, who in person resembled him very nearly. The brother walking out the next day, was accosted by a person in the street, who mistook him for the man of medicine. 'How fare ye, Doctor?' said he; 'that physic you gin me yesterday did wonders; I feel like a bran new man.'

'Physic!' said the stranger, staring with astonishment, 'I gave you no physic.'

'The devil you did'nt!' exclaimed the man; 'well that beats my notion all to pieces.—Now doctor, you're ither jokin or else you're very forgetful, one of the three. But I han't forgot, and now, if you've no objection, I'll pay you the damage. How much is it, doctor?'

The stranger protested that so far from receiving any damage, he never saw nor heard of him before; and to convince him of the mistake, he mentioned that he was a stranger in the place, and that he had just come on a visit to his brother, who very much resembled him in person.

The man was satisfied and went his way; but the singularity of the mistake kept running in his head; and meeting the same man the next day, and supposing that he had now found the bona fide doctor, whose physic had operated so wonderfully, he accosted him—'Would you believe it, doctor! I mistook your brother for you yesterday, and was a going to pay him for the physic you gin me—and by gorry, I never saw one man look so much like another, and yet not be him, in my life before!'—*N. Y. Constellation.*

An Anecdote is told of Sir George B. to show the credulity of mankind; when a young man he put an advertisement in the papers, to say that Mynheer ———, just come over from Germany, had found out a method of taking a likeness much superior to any other, by the persons looking into a mirror, and heating a glass so as to bake the impression; he stated this wonderful artist to live in a perfumer's shop in Bond street, opposite the hotel where he lodged, and amused himself the next day in seeing the numbers of people who flocked to have their likeness taken in this surprising

manner. At last he went over himself to ask for Mons. ———, and was driven out of the shop by the perfumer in a rage, who said there was no Mons. ———, nor Mons. Devil lived there! At another time Sir George was going in a coach to a tavern with a party of gay young men; the waiter came to the coach door with a light, and as he was holding this up to the others, those who had already got out, went round and getting in at the opposite door, came out again so that there seemed to be no end to the procession, and the waiter ran into the house frightened out of his wits.—*Lond. paper.*

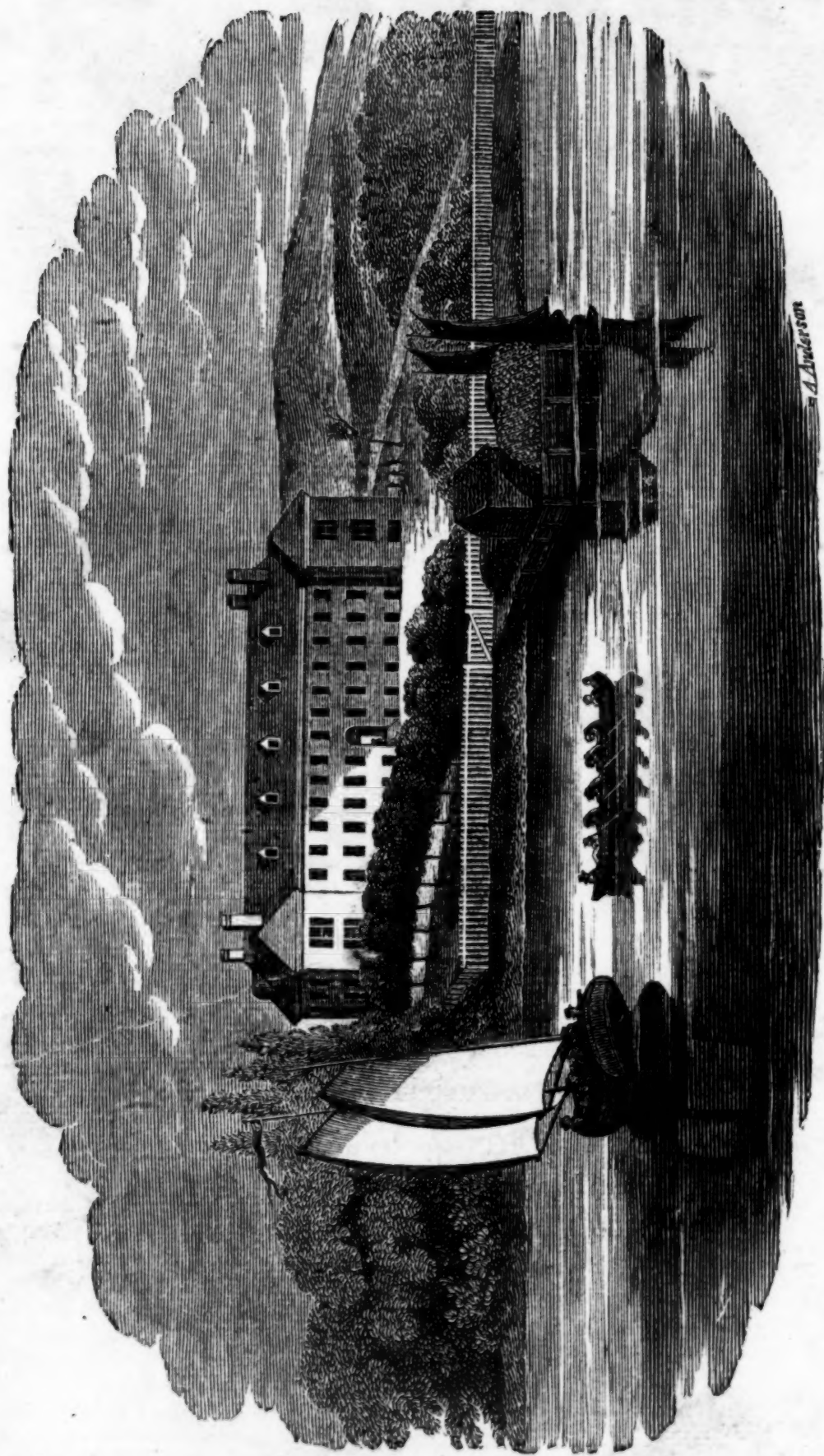
'What is the use of thee, thou gnarled sapling?' said a young larch tree to a young oak. 'I grow three feet in a year, thou scarcely as many inches. I am straight and taper as a reed, thou straggling and twisted as a loosened withe.' 'And thy duration,' answered the oak, 'is some third part of a man's life, and I am appointed to flourish a thousand years. Thou art felled and sawed into paling where thou rottest and art burned, after a single summer; of me are fashioned battle ships, and I carry mariners and heroes into unknown seas.'

The richer a nature, the harder and slower is its development. Two boys were once of a class in the Edinburgh grammar school; John ever trim, precise, and dux; Walter ever slovenly, confused, and dolt. In due time John became Baillie John, of Hunter-square; and Walter, Walter Scott, of the Universe. The quickest and completest of all vegetables is the—cabbage.

Anecdote.—Many years since, some gentlemen set up an assembly for dancing, and desiring to make a distinction and to assume a rank above the mechanics, they at first proposed this among the rules for regulating the assembly:—'That no mechanic, or mechanic's wife or daughter, should be admitted on any terms.' Being shown by a manager to Dr. Franklin, for his opinion, he remarked that one of them excluded God Almighty! 'How so?' said the manager. 'Because,' replied the Doctor, 'he is notoriously the greatest mechanic in the universe, having as the scripture testifies, made all things, and that by weight and measure.' The intended new gentlemen became ashamed of their rule, struck it out, and no such distinction has ever since been made.

Muddy Wit.—A black servant not a hundred miles from St. Andrews, being examined in the Church Catechism, by the minister of the parish, was asked—'What are you made of, Jack?' He said, 'of mud massa.' On being told he should say 'of dust,' he replied, 'no massa, it no do, no stick togedder.'

A butcher about to kill a cow, employed an Irishman to hold her. The butcher squinted, and when looking at the cow appeared to look



A. Anderson

U. S. MARINE HOSPITAL, GHENT, BELGIUM.

Engraved for the Rural Repository.

at the Irishman. Pat, fearing that he should get the knock instead of the cow, said, in much hurry, 'Arrah, man, do you strike where you look?' 'To be sure I do—where do you think I'd strike?' 'Then you may howld the cow yourself, till I get out of the way, just.'

Anecdote.—Harry Erskine, of facetious memory, was retained for a female named Tickle, against whom an action had been brought. On the trial he commenced his address to the court thus 'Tickle my client, the defendant, my Lord.' The audience, amused with the oddity of the speech, were almost driven into hysterics by the judge replying, 'Tickle her yourself, Harry, you are as able to do it as I.'

An old fellow was set in the pillory for abusing the civil authority; he was afterwards brought before a bench of judges, and threatened with severe punishment, if they heard any such conduct in the future: 'You shall hear no more, (said he) but I'll play you a trick which the devil never did' 'And what is that?' said one of the judges—'I will leave you,' said he.

Burying on Suspicion.—It is a grave subject to joke upon, but there is novelty in the following: a gentleman of this city the other day speaking to another of having attended the funeral of one of their acquaintance, was asked in the usual way of exclamation—'Is he dead?' He replied, 'I don't know whether he is dead or not—but at all events, they have buried him on suspicion.'—*N. Y. Constellation.*

Jumping.—Old Lines, of Connecticut used to bet with young men that he could jump as far in the same direction as they. As often as he found a novice, he would say, 'I am decrepid and you spry therefore permit me to choose the ground.' Certainly. Well, the ground would be chosen within a foot of the house, and he would jump his toes against it, and say, 'Jump farther there and in that direction, if you can.' Once he was beaten; for happening to choose a spot beneath a window, his competitor took out the sashes, and jumped into the room.

RURAL REPOSITORY.

SATURDAY DECEMBER 4, 1830.

BERKSHIRE GYMNASIUM.

The following particulars, relative to the Berkshire Gymnasium, are taken from a circular issued by the trustees:—

This School, conducted on the plan of the European Gymnasias, commenced on the 1st of June, 1827. Its object is to combine the best modern improvements in instruction, and to secure the *health, morals, and intellectual cultivation* of the pupils. Lads of any age, and young gentlemen of fair character, are prepared for admission into any of the colleges, or for business, and the instruction adapted to the employment to be pursued. The course of instruction is designed to be as extensive

as this enlightened age requires. Particular attention is paid to the elementary branches of education, reading, spelling, penmanship, &c. as well as to geography and history, English literature, mathematics, philosophy, the Latin and Greek and modern languages, chemistry, natural sciences, as botany, mineralogy, &c. and natural and revealed religion; and generally, to all the important departments of instruction.

The government of the School has the paternal character, mild, firm, and decisive—chiefly addressed to the understanding, the feelings, and the honor; and the intercourse of the instructors with the pupils is that of parents and friends. Associated with the Principal and Assistants as a family, the pupils are under their inspection in their amusements and at meals, as well in their studies.

Gymnastics, riding, botanical and mineralogical excursions, bathing (under the direction of a teacher,) and various other means, will be employed to impart and secure vigor and energy to the body and mind.

The particular direction and management of the BERKSHIRE GYMNASIUM is confided to Professor C. DEWEY, assisted by experienced teachers in the English studies, in the Hebrew, Latin and Greek languages, and in the French, German, Italian, Mathematics, &c.

This School is located in the town of Pittsfield, Mass. at a convenient distance from one of the most pleasant, healthy and flourishing, villages in the northern states. Elegant and extensive brick buildings have been erected for the purpose, on the large and beautiful grounds formerly occupied as a cantonment by the government of the United States. This school is five hours ride from Albany, on the great stage road to Boston, and during the passing of steam-boats on the Hudson, only twenty hours from the city of New-York; a location, combining superior advantages, is rarely found.

This School is in successful operation, and pupils are admitted at any time. Their stay depends wholly upon their good deportment, and the pleasure of their parents or guardians.

The whole expense of lads under 9 years of age is \$175
Between nine and thirteen, 200
Over thirteen, 250

a year, payable quarterly. This sum comprizes all the charges for tuition, lectures, boarding and washing, room, fire, lights, bedding, room furniture, and also books and stationary used in the School.

SUMMARY.

A Light Hat.—The hatters of London are manufacturing for queen Adelaide a riding-hat, the weight of which is not to exceed four ounces.

The United States Marine Hospital, situated in the western section of the city of Savannah, was destroyed by fire on the evening of the 5th instant.

Three thousand and seven hundred bbls. of mackerel have been packed in Barnstable the past season.

The first steam engine ever used in Connecticut, was put up in Hartford last month. This is rather remarkable.

A Stocking Manufactory has just been put in operation in Troy, N. Y. under the direction of Mr. Roby, a thorough bred stocking weaver.

MARRIED,

In Brooklyn, (N. Y.) Mr. Edward Goodwin, of Hartford, (Editor of the Connecticut Courant,) to Mrs. Eliza A. Sheldon.

At Claverack, on the 26th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Sluyter, Mr. Hiram Macy, to Miss Ann Hall.

At Copake, on the 9th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Winter, Mr. Wilson Bates, of the firm of Wilson Bates & Co. to Miss Harriet Hopkins.

On the 10th ult. by the same Rev. gentleman, at Northeast, Dr. George F. Hurd, of Salisbury, Ct. to Miss Julia Hopkins, daughter of Enos Hopkins, Esq. of the former place.

DIED,

In this city, on the 21st ult. Hannah Jane, daughter of Mr. William Clow, aged 5 years and 4 months.

In Portsmouth, N. H. on Sunday morning, 21st ult. after a short illness, Hon. Clement Storer, aged 70. Gen. Storer was formerly President of the Senate of New Hampshire, Representative and Senator in Congress, and until a short time previous to his death, High Sheriff of the County of Rockingham.

At Boston, on Thursday last, the Hon. William Westmore, aged 81 years. He is thus added to the long list of Revolutionary Patriots, who have departed ripe and full of years. He was educated at Harvard University, and was graduated in 1770.



POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.

THE CREATION.

Thick darkness lay out in deep and lengthened
Folds upon the vast, unmeasured space
Of undistinguished nothingness. Silence
Was there: not a sound broke the dread stillness
Of the embryo world. Time was not born.
In chaotic sleep reposed the elements—
Formless and void was then the massive earth,
Nor height nor depth, nor length nor breadth was
known—

In the deep grave of uncreated things
Lay the wide universe, and the creative
Power of the Almighty slumbered still.
At last the great incomprehensible
And eternal King surveyed from his high
Throne the dark abyss. He spake, and lo!
The bright eyed sun shot his burning
Rays athwart the gloom profound. Old darkness
Fled affrighted, and rolled her lurid clouds
Away—one deep, long, enduring crash was heard
And the shapeless mass of unresolved
Elements divided, and comeliness
And form appeared, and chaos fled afar—
Old ocean rolled his heavy waves together.
And earth the beauteous earth arose—
The far off sky rounded up its deep blue
Arch, and flung forth its azure drapery,
In all its fresh and wondrous beauty
Along the distant, boundless realms of space.
And then fair Cynthia, empress of th' night,
Floated out upon th' bosom of the sky,
And threw down to earth her soft and mellow beams,
To enrich the beauty there.—

At length star
By star looked out, till the whole firmament—
Presented one strange continuous glow
Of richness and of splendour—'Twas lovely all!—
Man in the chosen image of his God,
Walked forth the proud superior of all
That earth could boast—all was blissful happiness
And joy—every breeze wafted health and freshness
And pure innocence luxuriated
In all her free unstained and native charms—
Sweet music fell from the arched chambers
Of the sky, and rang out symphonious
Echoing and re-echoing away,
In strains enchanting, thro' the still valleys
Of the new created, noiseless world—
The Deity paused—his works beheld—
Pronounced them good—and rested from his labours.—
OEMAR.

From the Atlantic Souvenir for 1871.

HYMN OF THE CHEROKEE INDIANS.

BY I. J. McLELLAN, JUN.

They waste us, aye, like April snow
In the warm noon we shrink away;
And fast they follow, as we go,
Towards the setting day,
Till they shall fill the land and we
Are driven into the western sea.—Bryant.

Like the shadows in the stream,
Like the evanescent gleam
Or the twilight's failing blaze,
Like the fleeting years and days,
Like all things that soon decay,
Pass the Indian tribes away.

Indian son, and Indian sire
Lo! the embers of your fire,
On the wigwam hearth, burn low,
Never to revive its glow:
And the Indian's heart is ailing,
And the Indian's blood is failing.
Now the hunter's bow's unbent,
And his arrows all are spent!
Like a very little child,
Is the red man of the wild,
To his day there'll dawn no morrow,
Therefore he is full of sorrow,
From his hills the stag is fled,
And the fallow deer are dead,
And the wild beasts of the chase
Are a lost and perish'd race,
And the birds have left the mountain,
And the fishes, the clear fountain.
Indian woman to thy breast
Closer let thy babe be prest,
For thy garb is thin and old,
And the winter wind is cold,
On thy homeless head it dashes,
Round thee the grim lightning flashes.
We the rightful lords of yore,
Are the rightful lords no more:
Like the silver mist we fail,
Like the red leaves in the gale,
Fall like shadows, when the dawning
Waves the bright flag of the morning;
By the river's lonely marge
Rotting is the Indian's barge;
And his hut is ruin'd now,
On the rocky mountain brow,
The father's bones are all neglected
And the children's heart dejected.
Therefore, Indian people, flee
To the farthest western sea;
Let us yield our pleasant land
To the stranger's stronger hand;
Red men and their realms must sever,
They forsake them, and forever!

ENIGMAS.

Answer to the PUZZLES in our last.

PUZZLE I.—War-rant.

PUZZLE II.—Because it cant make sail, (sail.)

NEW PUZZLES.

I.
O say, what is *wit*, and resolve in a line
What philosophers covet, but cannot define;
'Tis a letter at study, a letter in motion,
A letter in flames will illustrate the notion;
'Tis a letter you'll find, too, that pours through the choir
In cadence the hymns our devotions inspire.

II.
Why did the French people lose more by the late
revolution than Charles X. did?

ANTI-MASONIC, GERMAN AND COLUMBIA

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